

# INSIDE OUT

By

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## Introduction to the Poet

M.R.Gohar (Muhammad Riaz Gohar) is the author of the books '*Inside Out*', '*Images*' and '*Metaphors*' (all three with short poems in English). His '*Kasak*' is the book with Urdu short poems. He is an Assistant Professor of English at Government College Gujranwala. He grew up in Jandiala Baghwala; a peripheral village of Gujranwala. He received his Bachelor (English Literature) and Master (English Literature) from Government College Gujranwala. Apart from English, he got his Master degrees in Urdu, Punjabi and Oriental Learning from Punjab University Lahore. He has his MPhil in Linguistics from the University of Gujrat and is pursuing his PhD from the same university. In addition to writing poetry in English and Urdu, he has his dozen of research articles published on native languages. He is the chief organizer of a research organization ([www.osrc.org.pk](http://www.osrc.org.pk)) that hosts five HEC recognized journals in 'Y' category.

## 1. The Last Metaphor

An old woman in her fifties,  
Holding a tinted framed photo  
Of her only son; the last metaphor  
Of her late husband,  
The gripping hope at home  
of three unwed sisters.  
She implores a camera of The DAWN  
To make her show on the press,  
To recover him who ventured  
To Istanbul through Karacki

To furnish his messy room  
And brighten his dark doom.  
“A year has passed”. She is telling  
In tears, unceasing ones,  
Rolling down on her *duputta*.  
The pressman knows it well  
That Embassy will take months  
To resume the lifeless body  
And the last metaphor  
Of the old woman’s dark destiny.

## **2. Illegal Migrations**

My teenagers, little read  
The least aware  
of the global scenario  
and the geography around;  
misled by the trappers;  
the agents of human slavery  
Like the ancient Romans  
Or the modern Americans,  
Fill their heads with illusions  
Carry them across borders  
Without any proof of papers.  
They struggle to reach  
The land of lights and life  
Through dark lanes of death.

## **3. Silent Blessings**

Morning prayers  
Are like the pearls

And jewels that  
Tend the riser  
Lead his strides  
Narrowing the zoom  
In the dark day  
Flying colors  
And rosy hues

Bumpy jumpy  
He slips on the  
Purple main, till  
The day dies with  
Twilight leading  
Him to the lap  
Of starry night

#### **4. The Holy Hymn**

My special adore I pay  
Every night, every day

Our sorrows to diminish  
Our cares you let finish

In tearful eyes I say  
Bless us with bright ray

Seek your mercy we all  
Standing on perilous bay

#### **5. The Holy Encomium**

In the mire of sins  
I was second to none  
The death warrant came  
The holy deeds none  
Angels on both sides  
Made me a fun  
Fatal death was ahead  
Great faults were done  
My closest chums  
Stood silent at the shun  
Backward move I made  
But could have no run  
Heart of mine shattered  
Under sorrows of ton  
Near was to be helled  
For my every cun  
Suddenly I was saved  
By a Dazzling Sun  
It was my Muhammad (SAW)  
Neither p.  
riest nor nun!

## **6. He is Abroad!**

A wall of wax around the wick,  
The flame flickers all night.  
She walks in the balcony of  
The second flour , with chill outside  
She seems balancing inner  
Heat with outer chill; with  
No heavy shawl or camel gown

The drops of water on the pane  
Ooze down like sweat from  
A ploughman's forehead  
“How many nights are left?”  
She counts on the finger parts  
And crosses one more box  
At calendar. “December will be over  
After four days.”  
Days are brisk but nights  
Pass as slowly as  
Large hand of a clock on the wall.  
“Try to conceive the son;  
A son of mine and yours”. The  
Words still echo in her ears.  
A *hakeem* she consulted,  
A charm she wears all the time  
Avoids her visit the homes  
With demise or birth for  
Certain days; beef is forbidden.  
A prescription of gynecologist  
Is on the side table with  
Tablets and capsules. Reports  
Tell that she is all fine.  
“He needs to be tested.” A  
Nurse said. “How will I dare  
To convince him?” she drifts  
Back into her first night with  
Him.....a nostalgia.....an ecstasy,  
Pleasant pain.....painful pleasure.

It goes on every night till  
The sleep lulls her down  
For the labour of the next day.

### **Tragedy**

They told me that  
Tragedy is like  
A long course on some  
Neon surface  
With terrible tracks.  
Months, centuries  
Breed the due doom  
Till a sufferer  
ends at some blind  
shut of tears

but I trust least  
that fable of past.  
I stand at my stance  
With toll of life  
Just in moments

### **DNC**

A small seed sowed unritually  
Demands to be dilated....  
The scissors, curved needle,  
Uterine curette, polyp forceps  
Cervical dilator, vaginal retractor...  
all lying at her operation bed  
in a mattle tray....waiting

for an anesthesia to rid the  
pain of life. The nurse  
with gloved hands and  
masked face bend over  
her starting with retractor.  
She reaches to kill that is  
Still not alive in true terms.  
The instrument work turn by  
Turn like an operation against  
A gigantic structure. The mass,  
The formation seems moving  
Right and left in his small cell  
Saving his fetal tube but  
The scissors do not spare  
The supply line is cut off  
He is helpless like a chick,  
Runs this and that, calls  
His parents in no voice  
The mother in no more mother  
The father is no more father.  
He is the worst case  
He is the best case  
His pre dawn demise  
His social damnation

She was senseless  
She may be in senses

## **Intellectual Sale**

With heavy shoulder-bags

They run on the marble floor of  
The school pathway  
The bags are sacks  
Heavier than their limbs  
Bags are to be stuffed  
Like brains with data  
As maximum as can be  
By their wise mentors  
The tiny hands  
The solid pens  
Arithmetic, Stats, Reports  
Dates and Designs,  
All to be sold in market  
On intellectual.com.

## **Pain**

Pain is as personal  
As one's limbs  
Neither to be shared,  
Nor to be shifted.  
Just we store and pile it up  
Every day with culling  
Eyes. It remains our  
Enterprise till our last day.

## **Flow of life**

The last chapter of life  
Like the last part of a  
Bulky novel, ends  
After tiresome turmoils,  
With twists and ironies  
And strange characters.  
Depiction, portrayals  
Delineation are side  
Tales. Symbols and signs,  
Narration and oration  
All end bumpy jumpy  
With a sudden shut  
Of loss and remorse.

### **Working Philosophy**

A drowning man gets a  
Straw on his head like a  
Ton of load to ease him  
Die sooner and safer

### **Tear**

A small drop of water  
As a tear rolls down  
Bearing the ton of load  
From inside; lightens my  
Head from the heavy  
Ordeals of life.

### **City Horns**

The sound of horns in the city,  
Nasty and malicious  
Jar the ears. They horn  
Unknowingly like their  
Daily pace of life. Caring  
The least about others' lives.  
Just absorbed in themselves,  
Their thumbs on horns  
Carry on reducing the very  
Inner aggression as they  
Let it transfer to others

### **Man - A Social Animal**

The souls come here wisely  
Enter the bodies as the  
Sane and reasonable beings.  
The sane beings turn out as  
Prophets in their reason.  
But in their rage twirl the  
Turtle of the divinity  
And show their brute aspect.  
Even the wolves get afraid  
Of such vulgar temper and  
Prefer staying as animals

### **Stream of Consciousness**

A few chunks from pages  
Torn out of my early life  
Came as sudden as death news  
To some healthy one or

As an electric current  
To a poor person walking by  
A pole on some rainy day

## **Terror Inside**

Kids like clustered seeds  
Around a toy stall on  
A festive day cars, bear, doll,  
Cato with kittens, a loaded  
Truck, 24 wheeler carrier  
With new model civics,  
Operation kit, kitchen  
Accessories, music cell  
All extended in rows  
To be sold by vendor.  
The little girls pounce on guns and  
Pistols like kalashan kouf  
Water pistol, laser  
Gun, machine gun, buddies  
Pick them and reach their  
Hands in the pockets.  
They don't avail any option.  
They take them and forget  
Their bags and books and  
Fire at one another

## **Water Inside**

Tears  
With terrible force

Burst out  
Like a torrent.  
Dancing  
Like a tempest.  
They let our secrets out,  
Make general to all  
Like rain outside  
On vast plains  
And city alike.

### **Hearts Divided**

My grand dad playing  
The last decade of  
His hundred. Still  
Regards his visit to the  
Railway station; with  
His left hand on some  
One's shoulder and the  
Right one upon a crutch,  
Searches the trunk in  
Train----the trunk he  
Lost at the eve of the  
Sudden split of the  
Continent, putting  
His whole treasure; his  
Papers of land and  
The tinted photo  
Of the ate daadi---  
Like one's whole universe.

The trunk he put in  
The last coach of the  
Train—years elaps;d  
But the memory  
of the trunk in train  
Is as fresh as the  
Wound on his forehead  
He got during the sudden  
Split of the heart.

### **Un- Naturally Natural**

The softness of the stones  
The rigid flowers on  
Lake, like some wistful trees.  
The bricks are silent as  
Wind. The cuckoos and the  
Doves like sleeping fountains  
In the mid of the hive.  
The beds, the flowers, all with  
Death small, scattering all  
Way sense of lineless  
Emptiness and dry-ness.

### **Childhood**

With our limited toys  
We had boundless joys

In innocent games  
Far away from shames

In giddy circles, all  
Ran after single ball

The only doll marrying  
With the groom all crying

Fewest were the cares  
Highest were the stairs.

## **22. Spiritual Love**

Touch me not me fleshy hand  
But enter my spiritual land.  
Wading through the burning sand  
We the two rhyme smoothly  
A song of some divine band.  
Live with me as lofty  
As like the smoky clouds rise grand  
Live forever and do not part  
In oath which would forever stand.

## **23. School Days**

In all my sleepy days  
and all my waking nights  
Ina all the sunny rays  
All the dreamy flights  
Your tender touch stays  
Your handsome glow alights.

In all my sorrows

In all my smiles

In all my tools

In all my fools

In all my grooms

In all my rooms

The things clear and vague  
The nights foolish and sage  
The school days like some cage  
Our tricks on bed and stage  
Are still as fresh as stars  
Wishing still those auto cars.

## **24. The Second Phase of Life**

This is the second phase  
With soothing but dull rays

No one here

No one there

No one with me

No one with thee

None to hear

None to fear

This is the second phase  
Balmy and aching gaze  
    With little career  
    With little barrier  
    With many slopes  
    With limited smiles  
    With boundless guiles

## 25. Invocation

Far from *The Amazon*  
‘mid a lone lump of ferns an’ pines  
Something hauls as horrible  
Like dawn in *Kadista* valley  
In the cedar *Forest of God*  
Like the holy *Lanzlinde* branches  
Among the *Bodhi* trees away  
Meditation, invocation  
On bony structure of *Buddha*  
And the *Tolstoy* ploughing  
In a land near railway line  
And the horn of train taking him  
Inside to find the real *nirvan*  
Till at the echoes of *Helicon*  
Shower their bounties alike  
Turning a man into seer!

## 26. Utopia

Lillies grow with *Bee Balm*  
And nuttles meet crocus,  
Red rose and thorns joining

Hands with foxgloves alike  
*Hosta* breeds peacefully  
Under shady pine trees  
*Coral Bells* share pain  
With *Bleeding Heart* twice  
Daises and marigold  
Thinking never to part.

## **27. Cheap Love**

Her bleached face  
And powdered neck  
In stylish hair  
With 'Blue Lady'  
At the roadside  
Pouched iphone  
Wintry evening  
Waiting someone  
To smile with her  
Warmly, deeply  
To meet him first time  
Perhaps the last time.

## **28. Water, water everywhere**

In the scorching sun  
I wade through muddy road  
    My pants up  
    Head capped  
    Against heat  
  
The dirt as smudges

Of ink jumps behind  
And hurts my feet  
I am no more neat.

The sun burns my cap  
Cap sweating my head  
Sweat rolls down as drops  
That fall from eyes

I'm socked in water

## **29. The Dead Past**

Freight of centuries  
On its limbs  
Scattered around  
Bent everything down  
Wind passed through  
Its ribs,  
Singing dirges at  
The ruin of majesty  
The ruin of glory  
I stand on wreck  
*Of Historical Fort*  
And look around  
The tall buildings,  
As tall as the  
Hearse of a bygone  
Empire.

## **30. Flood Forecast**

On dreary road  
Running among toads  
I go.....  
Up and low  
Something to mow  
With my scythe  
In hands  
The swaying wheat  
Waits for drums  
And beats

No one rushes  
From my chums  
To gear up noise  
To make folk rise

I feel  
A pinching chillness  
In my head  
Like winter on crop

The symbols of clouds  
From west I foresee  
And alarm  
Like thunder rings  
And stirs the sleepers

They onrush  
And jump  
They mesh up my treasure

And save their own

### **31. Sudden Fall!**

Nations read like men

To decor their faces

Build a visible Fort

The invincible Fort.

The heads fiber fantasies

Fantasies of eternal glories

Dream the historical stories.

But beneath the towers

Lie the invisible marks

Their egos turn out

As historical sins

Sins never to be

Pardoned!

Sudden fall is a myth

Things disjoint for years;

Years embrace years

To gyrate histories.

Histories stamp verdict

Of the sudden fall!

### **Love in our Times**

We meat to cheat

And cheat to meat

As foxes do.

Hide inner heat  
Letting none to see  
Under our feet

## *Life*

Life is but a personal freight  
Though you are little or great.  
Runs ahead on clumsy stairs  
We wish to keep it straight  
Our life is but a secret joint  
Beyond the limit of any rate  
Let learn to smile in tears  
With brave heart and gait

## *For My Better Half*

I'll still stay with you  
You can't part me too  
We are joined nobly  
With kids between two.  
Your sweetness besages  
How can I befool you?  
Your stand divinely  
Letting not who's who!

## *Matrimonial Existence*

Her love ensures me  
My faith  
On solemn days  
And solemn nights  
I don't get tired  
And spin my duties  
Concisely and wisely  
Letting all the doubts  
Of death, get off  
From my nerves.

## *Vicious Circle*

A nip in air  
And in bare feet  
I walk alone  
Far away  
Far far away  
Everyday  
Then to retreat  
As perfectly  
And absolutely  
As my blank  
Natal day

### **37. Balance**

We believe it true.

The truth shines

In our beliefs.

The beliefs emerge

As myths.

They call us

Myth makers.

Our myths are ours,

They seize their own

### ***In search of You***

Chill

Dark night

Fear inside

And fear outside

I run to outer edge

Dreadfully, awfully

Jumping, galloping

Unknowingly

What to do

To find

You!

## *Secret of Grain*

The smallest unit of the highest tree  
The highest measure of smallest grain  
All the hidden secrets are quit free  
Divinely stored in the nature's brain  
We claim truth as accurately  
As the trees cravingly run with train  
Looking around with full open gaze,  
Still unable to find illusion in days  
Solely nature knows secret of trees  
The strength that lies in dormant grain.

## *Our Little Scholars!*

Our little scholars  
Cram words  
Like parrots  
And chirp  
Like sparrows  
During recess  
Their mentors in lucent walk  
Flicker around in balconies  
With a sense of pride  
Pride at what?  
They tend to rule  
Rule over destinies  
Of upcoming nation.

They laugh and twitter  
Their voices resound  
In my ears  
Like edged razors  
And a chilliness  
Casts there  
Over and over  
Heaps on heaps  
Of gloom  
For the doom  
Of my coming days!

## *She- My Wife*

Her gloomy face  
Whenever I trace  
Draw her near  
Beyond fear

Calls her my dame  
Lessens her shame  
Englows her bed  
Her face to red

She passes smile  
Void of all guile  
She stores my seed  
Of social need!

## ***Times Goes On.....***

A hut near road  
Twinkling less  
Like yellow light  
In bright night

Wishing the day  
Something to say  
Moving vehicles  
Throwing rubbish  
Articles hit  
My tapper down

Sit as a captain  
Near damage  
My titanic!  
Surveying faults  
Of wind n mine  
Plan for building  
Mightier but  
In coming days

## ***I – A Coast Dweller***

Dwellers of the hilly areas!

Have pines and cones  
Reside among the stones  
Stones stand as naked bones  
They lust for flesh and gush  
To arid areas they rush

Dwellers of the arid areas!

Grow guavas and grapes  
Relish all the shapes  
Mangoes are the debate  
They wish to move aloft  
Tracing some hilly croft

I – a coast dweller

Stand among shells n crabs  
Thinks silently n deeply  
What to grow, what to sow?

## ***Waiting for Godot***

Men live and do die  
In the graves lie  
Pain still lurks behind  
In our hearts and mind

Death merely kills flesh  
But the soul stays fresh

Better body she seeks  
Out of polluted streets

Satan steals our goal  
Then god guards our soul

Fruits get pulp on night  
But shrink soon in bright

Game goes with no ends  
A message Godot sends!

## ***Farewell***

Farewell to pain  
Farewell to joys  
Farewell to girls  
Farewell to boys  
We will divide  
Our bags n toys!

## ***46. I'm No Man***

I'm no man  
I'm all men  
Silky home throws me out  
Out and out to be sought  
They wisely send me back  
Back and back on the track

Heavens threw me here  
Down here everywhere  
Fiery earth burns my feet  
Burns and burns to retreat

I live everywhere  
I seek my share  
My comfy lair!

## **MODERN TRAGEDY**

A bag brown n blue in colour  
A clumsy shaped near a wall  
Neither old nor some new  
No bigger than a school lad's  
The straps tightly closed and  
Zippers locked at the end  
There rested for a long  
None noticed none doubted  
Till a watch man on his beat

Reached the street with his torch  
Like patting to guess it.  
There came no rattle  
He sat near n drew it  
Like dragging a heavy lot  
He doubted it as School's  
But hoped something costly  
His heart gleamed like torch  
Hurriedly he snapped zip  
Smashed all sides to rip  
A touch of something like wire  
And then he knew on more  
Scattered bodies, bloody act  
Screams of wretched rose  
Aidhi, Cheepa, rescue1122  
Press men, flashes, tickers.  
Then whole mesh n loss  
Buried in papers in a week.

## ***Load Shedding***

Day was dry as desert  
No tip tip tip around  
A sparrow sitting, silent  
Vibrating, spiky beak  
In equal rhythm for long  
Sometimes fluttering wings  
As restless as man

Dying in a CCU  
She flies a little like mother  
Who seeks bread in debris  
For the hungry bellies of  
Her kids waiting at home.  
She ---quite certain like folks  
Of the area  
For sudden start of electric pump  
But as unscheduled as  
Destiny of modern man

## ***Elections***

Bannered roads  
Gleaming walls  
Stickered jeeps  
Flagged roofs

They give us slogans  
Packed with promises  
To cram and pronounce  
Like parrots trained

Big day is over  
Big men recede  
To their big rooms  
Less visible now

We try them to reach  
With torches in hand  
Find snaps on papers  
With bright faces smile

We retreat our homes  
With bundles of cares  
Abusing the mayor.

## *Sunken Memories*

My 'kerchief soaked in tears  
My pain n sorrow bears  
Bats fly around in dim light  
Reverse the sunken fears  
June sweats all the vapours out  
December muffles ex-cares  
Rainy drops swell all ills out  
Strip they off congealed layers.

## *My Career*

Jump as you can  
And touch the skies  
But be tuck with the earth  
For dust ever lumbers around

As reminiscent to my mother's  
Pain-the labour pain felt  
Through the ribs- telling the  
Stories of my natal days.  
Between my halcyon days and natal ones  
Lies the whole volume  
Of my career.

## ***Is she there?***

The smiling face  
The charming gait  
Is there she?  
With all my fate  
The icy cheeks  
Clear as slate  
Her dancing hair  
I gaze for late

## ***Poetry***

The fears that lie outside  
The tears that roll inside.  
Loin like mighty hands  
Breaking the rib bands.  
Burst forth as words

Dart around as birds.  
Others call them verses  
To these wrapped hearses.

## **54. The Last Call**

Call for the funeral prayers  
Or the tolling from a church  
Comes and resound like a  
Dirge-dirge of the last  
Dying day-  
A dying day is like a dying body  
Contains all the elements to  
Scatter and to reshuffle  
To frame a new symmetry  
Of the coming generations.  
The last call is the first  
Call too.

## **55. Human Relations**

Humanity is the system  
Of system. Apparent  
Forms and underlying structures  
Make morphemic links  
Like affixations  
And deictic roles  
Uttering phonemes as  
Audible as cries- the  
Cries of joy and pain.  
Standing stratified  
In syntactic relations.

Their surface sophistications  
And deeper intentions  
Form the whole pattern  
Of humanity.

### ***56. Prayer Call***

The prayer call resounds  
From the loud speakers  
Five times around the clock  
The call for unlimited bounties  
And branded mercies  
Call for the ailing  
Call for the wretched  
Call for parents  
With unwed daughters  
Call for fathers  
With un-jobbed sons  
Call for the business  
To flourish  
Call for the seekers  
Of justice  
The call goes on resounding  
The people go on moving  
Caring little  
Who calls whom!

### ***57. Unpined Love!***

Her haggard face  
Her teeming eyes

Her moist lashes  
Marks of mole  
And reddish nose  
Her twisting fingers  
Saying some thing  
Through unshed tears  
And unsaid pains  
As someone retreating  
From the last phase  
Of love- love she  
Worshipped and adored.

***58. For never to come***

We go for every and ever  
We go for never to come

**Here**

Our elements scatter around  
In sands, ashes and sounds  
New plumes grow out of seeds  
Better plants out of seeds  
The pollens lie open as blooms  
Their existence will do matter  
Newer, newer and then newer  
Glowing faces start dwindling

**There**

Our souls dwell in rest  
Their rest after a test  
The pious may lack claims  
The sluggish may find fames

**But**

What names? What fames?  
What claims? What shames?  
No one will ever come  
Either foe or chum.

### ***59. How Can I Forget!***

A panic sound  
A fatal wound  
A year round  
How can I forget!  
A sight or song  
A tale very long  
An evil or wrong  
How can I forget!

How easily you say  
To spend wintry day  
And month of May  
How can I forget!

I try my best  
To be at rest  
No further zest  
how can I forget!

The previous year  
With my dear  
Seated me near  
How can I forget!

### ***60. Modern Age***

In stony age  
We reside in,

Though moderns  
Yet no 'light'.  
The fans silent  
The bulbs off  
Under the foggy sky  
In wintry evenings  
Shivering fingers  
and moist sheet  
A dollar pen  
With thin ink  
I wish to print  
The pain of people  
The unhealed pain  
In whirls n swirls  
They surrounded  
Finding no way out  
Nothing to be sought  
Words spin on.  
The page up and down  
But nothing to gain  
I know well  
Still I cease not.

### ***61. Floods***

We tillage land  
Labour with hand.  
We sow the seeds  
To meet our needs.  
A season to come  
Of beats and drum.

The dreams don't care  
Turn into nightmare.  
I'm no more sane  
Against the hurricane.  
Followed by water  
The mallies to slaughter.  
In hurry I rush out  
For help to be sought.  
I try to face rain  
With a stout of cane.  
Flood runs on main  
They take all my gain.  
I sit still on a mound  
Using myself to sound,  
And learn to lick ground.  
Spreading all around.

## ***62. Brand Conscious People***

My people seek everything  
Branded – the dress, the shoes,  
The make-up, the belt, the vests,  
Socks, perfumes, hand bags  
They are brand conscious,  
The brand lovers.  
They try to look smart  
In their choices and  
selection, they are crazy  
for their outstanding  
Out fittings.  
But they think least

About the branded love  
And branded passions.  
There is severe starvation  
Of such fashions!

### ***63. Our Social Stamina***

In a compound  
Of a silent warehouse  
Around a pile of fire  
Ignited by abandoned  
Papers and cartoons,  
Warming their palms  
To quench the chill.  
They recall the days  
Of previous regime  
Making debates  
Of their Leaders.  
Debates catch heat  
Heat shifts inside.  
They start abuses  
Abuses become roars  
Roars join kicks  
It goes on.  
Suddenly a sleety  
Voice interrupts  
From the behind  
“Light has come”  
All run as robots  
Leaving the fire behind.

#### ***64. The Doomsday***

The tears of a lady,  
Young and passionate,  
Sloping out and in  
recently widowed  
in a mosquito blast.  
Her rented house  
The uncemented walls  
Torn out curtains  
A still stove in a corner  
A curtained washroom  
The two kids on her side  
One in the lap of *Daada*  
*Daadi* seems in her  
Last breaths as unable  
To recover from shock

People from around  
Constantly come and go  
Console her to reconcile  
With fate. They ask her  
To wait for the  
Doomsday. She wonders  
“Will another Doomsday!”

#### ***65. University Scholars***

Strolling like the dukes  
In the circle of fairies  
Gatherings go on  
In every croft

Down in the lawn  
And up in the canteen  
Chirping and giggling  
Treble and base.  
They walk to the classes  
With small diaries  
As fashions. Having  
No pens, no spots  
Of ink on hands.  
Their bleached and creamed  
Faces gleam as trying  
To hide their inner  
Dark pimpled faces.

### ***66. New Year***

An everlasting spring  
This year may bring

A symphony of spring  
May you ever sing!

### ***67. Lesser the Pleasure***

Lesser the pleasure  
Greater the care  
Life in a dress  
But quite bare

Make the others  
Forever smile  
Either live close

Or at a mile

Some colours dark

Some colours bright

You can't claim

Only realm of light

The bright banners

The faces bear

Worries reside

Under the layer.

### ***68. We – The Browns***

We – The Browns

Bleach our complexion

Daily, as devotedly

As rituals. Massage

The skin through branded

Lotions and creams,

Standing long before

The mirrors\_\_\_\_\_ the mirrors

As big as our statures

Putting a foreign magazine

In front. We try to

Be whiter than the

Whites- unwhitely

A white- but with

Brown heart that

Tends to remain

Brown forever.

### ***69. Life – A Painful Race***

Life- but a tasty pain  
To every sane and insane  
We wish a lot more daily  
Leaving the target main  
What a bitter reality  
That joys are but feign  
Let not be mad in race  
Set the lusts in chain

### ***70. Urination***

A workshop boy: a small kid  
In a shaggy and shabby *shalwar*  
Rushes across the road, with  
His both hands tight on the  
Upper part of the legs, as  
Trying to bar they flood to  
Overflow,..... Hastily with his back  
To the traffic, faces towards  
The wall; the bulging part  
Of the mosque. He breathes  
Long as having a relief and  
Squeezes his ‘vital part’ till  
The last drop.  
He comes back innocently  
Without being able to read  
The wall, “He who urinates here  
Is a dog.”

### ***71. The Final Stay***

All the signs at the roadside  
Designate one direction.  
The direction that leads to  
The eternal stay- the stay  
That's uncertain in the sense  
That no one ever returns  
To tell the tests and trails,  
Rewards and joys, pains and losses,  
The vagueness chills me  
Presses my ribs and nerves  
Like a drunk lad late at night  
Comes from the hotel room  
Wishes to find his lane and  
Strumbles at his own bed  
Thinks it as the Final Stay.

### ***72. Load of Language***

Ideas gush out like torrents  
They wish to outrush freely  
And gallantly beyond any catch.  
The words come as hurdles  
As barriers on some smooth road.

I run after the words  
To anchor my ideas. The weight  
Is too heavy. The whole load  
Subsides my shoulders down;  
Down to the knees.

I try to rise with the whole load  
Of language but the ideas  
Start crumbling like a  
Body that shivers in some fear.  
The words leave me alone  
In my agony. The agony  
Haunts me on and  
Hurts me down.

### ***73. Mango Season***

It is the mango season,  
mangoes, peaches and  
Jamins with all the  
Majesty and taste  
Come brotherly and  
Sisterly on the  
Fruit stalls in piles  
And pyramids.  
We take them,  
But mango  
Comes as kingly  
And elderly. We  
Manage it in both  
Hands. It still slips and  
Drifts one side or the  
Other, making our  
Mouth, hands and the  
*Qameez* spotted, but  
We can't let it

Go uneaten till  
The last suck, like a small  
Kid who is queer  
About the last drop  
Of the 'fruita vitals'.

#### ***74. Android Generation***

They sit for long hours like  
Saints meditating for  
Intuition. They are bent  
With necks down as are about  
To prostrate. "We are busy",  
They pronounce against each  
Call. Perhaps they explore  
Wonderland of their  
Ideas and ideals. None  
Can divert them from the  
Fidelity to the little  
Machine they adore at  
Noons and afternoons even  
For late night till sleep  
Lulls them down as a cloud.

A small beep is enough to  
Rise them with a start to let  
Them launch their new way  
Of exploration as  
Devotedly as some  
Priest in the temple of  
*Zeus* to cull endless

revelations of the day.

### ***75. The First Ride***

The first ride

To the land of ecstasy

Long way- short routes

Hours and hours---

Excitement..... patience.....impatience

The outriders ..... the moods

The knife cut..... the narrow let in

Curtains of wax

Curtains of waters

The dry land

The thirsty sand

Slips and glides

The mysterious knight

Ab unending road.

A flood outrush

A flood onrush

Uncertain stay

Jerks and jolts

Fairyland, merryland, dairyland

Honeyed milk-----

Milked honey

Muffled shrieks

Awful pain- awful pleasure

Fusion, diffusion, confusion

Strength, weakness, exhaustion

..... long breathes.....

Intuition- Epiphany- Rapture

The fertile land  
The seeds of life

## ***76. Shoe Mart***

‘Shoe for He’  
‘Shoe for She’  
The slogan captures us  
We turn in  
We turn out  
Haggling shoulders  
With shoulder  
Avoiding the other sex

The chill inside like *Naraan*  
The heat outside like *Sibbi*  
Shoes lie smiling  
At the paradox  
Of the crowd  
Some touch them  
A few take them  
Others breathe long  
Just to parch the sweat

## ***77. My Late Parents***

Their souls dwell apart  
In the lands of pleasure  
In the hours of leisure  
In the womb of treasure  
Exotic fruits, exquisite cups  
In the hands of *hoors* and *galmans*

Drinking *kausar* and milk  
Whiter than white. Sitting  
As kingly as *Mughal's*  
Faces radiant like *Zulekha*  
And *Joseph*. Singing divine  
Lyrics in the voices like  
*David*. They are reaping  
The reward of their charities  
Ever done at earth.  
Earth never forgets them  
Heaven never ignores them  
Both bring bounties  
Both shower mercies  
Under the dictates of  
The Supreme Power.

### ***78. Inner Death***

I am wet with rain drops  
Soaked outside and soaked inside  
Tears roll inside as abstract  
As my nerves. My nerves fail  
To float across the borders.  
The water is waist deep  
It is getting up and up  
Now it is neck deep  
Drowning is quite sure  
But who would care.  
No sighs, no cries  
When a dead one dies.

## ***79. Relatives at Abroad***

Relations grow like seeds  
And die like birds  
Seeds appear like chicks  
Spread like green film  
Everyway, far away  
Tucked the womb of  
The mother like fetus  
Mother feeds them.

Birds soar high and far  
Forgetting their nests  
Snares rarely spare them  
Like exotic glammers  
Their bloods wait them  
With open ears  
With tasteless tongues  
Like a dying day  
But who cares, who stares  
The dwindling ties  
The muffled cries  
Both sides learn to live  
And settle at their places  
Beyond the borders  
Beyond the arguments.

### ***NOTES***

*Dupatta*: A long head cover of the women

*Cun*: Cunning

*Trunk:* A big tin case for clothes, etc

*Daadi:* Grandmother

*The Amazon:* Ancient forests in Brazil and Peru

*Kadista valley:* The magnificent valley in Lebanon i

*Forest of God:* A sacred forest

*Lanzlinde:* A forest with rocks and marshes

*Bodhi:* Bodhi day celebrates Buddha's enlightenment underneath the Bodhi tree

*Buddha:* The founder of Buddhism

*Tolstoy:* A mystic, novelist and king of Russia

*Nirvana:* The divine light

*Helicon:* the abode of Muses

*Bee Balm:* a beautiful flower

*Hosta:* a beautiful flower

*Coral bells:* A kind of plants

*Bleeding heart:* A kind of flowers

*'blue lady':* A brand of perfume

*Historical fort:* The Lahore fort

*Daada:* Grandfather

*Shalwar:* Trousers

*Sibbi:* A hot area of Pakistan

*Hoors and galman:* A creature in Paradise

*Zulekha:* a woman of beauty, power and influen